

TEASER

1 EXT. DOWNTOWN HOTEL - NEW YORK CITY -- NIGHT (NIGHT 1) 1
We're in New York. Downtown. Or Brooklyn. A cheap hotel...

2 INT. HOTEL ROOM -- SAME TIME 2
Upstairs. In a small, seedy room.

A bookish, middle-aged accountant, RUDY SCHICK, emerges from the shower. Wrapped in a towel. He starts to dry off.

He doesn't notice: there's someone else in the room. AL NICOLETTO, a mob hitman, is sitting in the corner. Nicoletto is calm. Cool. Deadly.

START →
SC.1

AL NICOLETTO
Hello Rudy.

Rudy turns- startled, terrified.

AL NICOLETTO (cont'd)
Normally, I'd frisk you to make sure you're not packing. In this case, I think I'll make an exception.

RUDY
Who- who are you?

AL NICOLETTO
You don't know? You're an educated man. Make one of them "educated guesses".

RUDY
(gulp)
Al Nicoletto.

AL NICOLETTO
You've heard of me, huh? Good. That always helps.
(looking around)
This is a nice hotel. I killed a guy here in '95. No, wait- '96. Memories.

Nicoletto takes out a GUN, and screws in a SILENCER.

"MONK" - AL NICOLETTO

AL NICOLETTO

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2 CONTINUED:

2

RUDY

I- I don't have the money. I swear to God.

AL NICOLETTO

(mockingly)

Well then, I guess I'll let you go. Nobody who "swears to God" could possibly be lying.

Nicoletto calmly aims the silenced gun- and FIRES! The shot hits Rudy in the thigh. Rudy crumples, in pain.

AL NICOLETTO (cont'd)

You and your partner stole 1.3 million from our friends in Miami. More or less. They still don't know the exact figure. You must be a hell of an accountant.

RUDY

(in pain, unraveling)

I don't have it... Ben took the money...

AL NICOLETTO

That would be Ben Gruber. Your partner.

RUDY

That's right. We were gonna meet up next week, and split the money-

AL NICOLETTO

Meet where?

RUDY

I don't know. Ben was going to call-

AL NICOLETTO

Where is he?

RUDY

California. That's all I know. I got that postcard.

There's a POSTCARD on a BUREAU. Nicoletto reads the back.

AL NICOLETTO

(reading)

"Don't move. Will talk next week. B.G."

(CONTINUED)

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AL NICOLETTO

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2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

RUDY

I swear... that's all I know...

AL NICOLETTO

I got some bad news for you, Rudy.
I believe you.

//END_{sc.1}

Al Nicoletto raises the silenced gun and fires again. PFFFT!
Rudy collapses, dead.

Nicoletto takes another look at the postcard. We now see
the PHOTO on the back: it's the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE. It
MATCHES the first shot of our MONK CREDIT SEQUENCE.

We DISSOLVE... from the POSTCARD... into the CREDIT SEQUENCE.

END OF TEASER

AL NICOLETTO

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ACT THREE

20 EXT. PARKING LOT -- SAME TIME

20

It's two minutes later. We're still in the parking lot. Al Nicoletto has parked his car.

Nicoletto, Monk and Natalie are all looking at the PHOTO of LARRY ZWIBELL.

AL NICOLETTO

I don't know what he told you. His real name is Ben Gruber. Our mother's been worried sick about him.

Monk clutches the photo. He's excited. And relieved.

MONK

Thank God. I thought I was losing my mind.

(to the photo)

I love this picture.

AL NICOLETTO

I knew he was into wines, so I've been checking all the vineyards and little hotels.

NATALIE

You're his brother?

AL NICOLETTO

I'm his very worried and very pissed off big brother. Allen Gruber.

They all shakes hands.

NATALIE

I'm Natalie Teeger. This is my boss, Adrian Monk.

AL NICOLETTO

Let me get this straight. Everybody here is pretending they never met him?

(sighs)

Poor kid. He must be scared to death.

NATALIE

Why?

(CONTINUED)

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AL NICOLETTO

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20 CONTINUED:

20

AL NICOLETTO

He stole some money from the bank he works for, and took off. I talked to the local DA. She said they'd go easy on him if he turned himself in. That's why I'm here. If I can find him, maybe I can talk him into returning the money.

NATALIE

How much did he take?

AL NICOLETTO

One point three million. Although it sounds like he's already spent some of it.

MONK

(nodding)

He's been paying people off to say they never heard of him.

NATALIE

Do you think he's still here? I mean, why would he stick around?

During this, Monk notices something.

MONK

What was he driving?

AL NICOLETTO

A '98 Buick, last I heard.

// END SC. 2

~~Monk leads them over to: a CAR, hidden under an OLD TARP. Monk pulls the tarp away, revealing: a junked BUICK. It's up on blocks. It's dented. No license plate. No inspection sticker.~~

~~MONK~~

~~Voila! A '98 Buick.~~

~~NATALIE~~

~~It can't be his. This car has been here forever.~~

~~Monk studies the junked car.~~

~~MONK~~

~~I don't think so. This dent is new, but there's no rust.~~

~~(MORE)~~

(CONTINUED)

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